

The Voice of the Pack

By EDISON MARSHALL

CRANSTON SEES RED.

Synopsis.—Warned by his physician that he has not more than six months to live, Dan Felling sits despondently on a park bench, wondering where he should spend those six months. Memories of his grandfather and a deep love for all things of the wild help him in reaching a decision. In a large southern Oregon city he meets people who had known and loved his grandfather, a famous frontiersman. He makes his home with Silas Lennox, a typical westerner. The only other members of the household are Lennox's son, "Bill," and daughter, "Snowbird." Their abode is in the Umpqua divide, and there Felling plans to live out the short span of life which he has been told is his. From the first Felling's health shows a marked improvement, and in the companionship of Lennox and his son and daughter he fits into the woods life as if he had been born to it. By quick thinking and a remarkable display of "nerve" he saves Lennox's life and his own when they are attacked by a mad coyote. Lennox declares he is a reincarnation of his grandfather, Dan Felling I, whose fame as a woodsman is a household word. Dan learns that an organized band of outlaws, of which Bert Cranston is the leader, is setting forest fires. Landry Hildreth, a former member of the gang, has been induced to turn state's evidence.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"He's got a cabin over toward the marshes, and it has come to me that he's going to start tomorrow or maybe has already started today, down into the valley to give his evidence. Of course, that is deeply confidential between you and me. If the gang knew about it, he'd never get through the thickets alive."

But Dan was hardly listening. His attention was caught by the hushed, intermittent sounds that are always to be heard, if one listens keenly enough, in the wilderness at night. "I wish the pack would sound again," he said. "I suppose it was hunting."

"Of course. And there is no living thing in these woods that can stand against a wolf pack in its full strength."

"Except man, of course."

"A strong man, with an accurate rifle, of course, and except possibly in the starling times in winter he'd never have to fight them. All the beasts of prey are out tonight. You see, Dan, when the moon shines, the deer feed at night instead of in the twilights and the dawn. And of course the wolves and the cougars hunt the deer. It may be that they are running cattle, or even sheep."

But Dan's imagination was aflutter. He wasn't content yet. "They couldn't be—hunting man?" he asked.

"No. If it was midwinter and the pack was starving, we'd have to listen better. It always looked to me as if the wild creatures had a law against killing men, just as humans have. They've learned it doesn't pay—something the wolves and bears of Europe and Asia haven't found out. The naturalists say that the reason is rather simple—that the European peasant, his soul scared out of him by the government he lived under, has always fled from wild beasts. They carried hoes instead of guns. They never put the fear of God into the animals and as a result there are quite a number of true stories about tigers and wolves that aren't pleasant to listen to. But our own frontiersmen were not men to stand any nonsense from wolves or cougars. They had guns, and they knew how to use them. And they were preceded by as brave and as warlike a race as ever lived on the earth—armed with bows and arrows. Any animal that hunted men was immediately killed, and the rest found out it didn't pay."

"Just as human beings have found out the same thing—that it doesn't pay to hunt their fellow men. The laws of life as well as the laws of nations are against it."

But the words sounded weak and dim under the weight of the throbbing darkness; and Dan couldn't get away from the idea that the codes of life by which most men lived were forgotten quickly in the shadows of the pines. Even as he spoke, man was hunting man on the distant ridge where Whisperfoot the cougar had howled.

Bert Cranston, head of the arson ring that operated on the Umpqua divide, was not only beyond the pale in regard to the laws of the valleys, but he could have learned valuable lessons from the beasts in regard to keeping the laws of the hills. The moon looked down to find him waiting on a certain trail that wound down to the settlements, his rifle loaded and ready for another kind of game than deer or wolf. He was waiting for Landy Hildreth; and the greeting he had for him was to destroy all chances of the prosecuting attorney in the valley below learning certain names that he particularly wanted to know.

There was no breath of wind. The great pines, tall and dark past belief, stood absolutely motionless, like

strange pillars of ebony. Bert Cranston knelt in a brush covert, his rifle loaded and ready in his lean, dark hands.

No wolf that ran the ridges, no cougar that waited on the deer trails knew a wilder passion, a more terrible blood-lust than he. It showed in his eyes, narrow and never resting from their watch of the trail; it was in his posture; and it revealed itself unmistakably in the curl of his lips. Something like hot steam was in his brain, blurring his sight and heating his blood.

The pine needles hung wholly motionless above his head; but yet the dead leaves on which he knelt crinkled and rustled under him. Only the keenest ear could have heard the sound; and possibly in his madness, Cranston himself was not aware of it. And one would have wondered a long time as to what caused it. It was simply that he was shivering all over with hate and fury.

A twig cracked, far on the ridge above him. He leaned forward, peering, and the moonlight showed his face in unsparing detail. It revealed the deep lines, the terrible, drawn lips, the ugly hair long over the dark ears. His strong hands tightened upon the breech of the rifle. His wiry figure grew tense.

Of course it wouldn't do to let his prey come too close. Landy Hildreth was a good shot too, young as Cranston, and of equal strength; and no sporting chance could be taken in this hunting. Cranston had no intention of giving his enemy even the slightest chance to defend himself. If Hildreth got down into the valley, his testimony would make short work of the arson ring. He had the goods; he had been a member of the disreputable crowd himself.

The man's steps were quite distinct by now. Cranston heard him fighting his way through the brush thickets, and once a flock of grouse, frightened



He Knew He Had Not Missed.

from their perches by the approaching figure, flew down the trail in front. Cranston pressed back the hammer of his rifle. The click sounded loud in the silence. He had grown tense and still, and the leaves no longer rustled.

His eyes were intent on a little clearing, possibly one hundred yards up the trail. The trail itself went straight through it. And in an instant more, Hildreth pushed through the buckbrush and stood revealed in the moonlight.

If there is one quality that means success in the mountains it is constant, unceasing self-control. Cranston thought that he had it. But perhaps he had waited too long for Hildreth to come; and the strain had told on him. He had sworn to take no false steps; that every motion he made should be cool and sure. He didn't want to attract Hildreth's attention by any sudden movement. All must be cautious and stealthy. But in spite of all these good resolutions, Cranston's gun simply leaped to his shoulder in one convulsive motion at the first glimpse of his enemy as he emerged into the moonlight.

The end of the barrel struck a branch of the shrubbery as it went up. It was only a soft sound; but in the utter silence it traveled far. The gun barrel caught the moonlight as it leaped, and Hildreth saw its glint in the darkness.

He was looking for trouble. He had dreaded this long walk to the settlements more than any experience of his life. He didn't know why the letter he had written, asking for an armed escort down to the courts, had not brought results. But it was wholly possible that Cranston would have answered this question for him. This same letter had fallen into a certain soiled, deadly pair of hands which was the last place in the world

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that Hildreth would have chosen, and it had been all the evidence that was needed, at the meeting of the ring the night before, to adjudge Hildreth a merciless and immediate end. Hildreth would have preferred to wait in the hills and possibly to write another letter, but a chill that kept growing at his finger tips forbade it. And all these things combined to stretch his nerves almost to the breaking point as he stole along the moonlit trail under the pines.

A moment before the rush and whirl of the grouse flock had dried the roof of his mouth with terror. The tall trees appalled him, the shadows fell upon his spirit. And when he heard this final sound, when he saw the glint that might so easily have been a gun-barrel, his nerves and muscles reacted at once. Not even a fraction of a second intervened. His gun flashed up and a little, angry cylinder of flame darted, as a snake's head darts, from the muzzle.

Hildreth didn't take aim. There wasn't time. The report roared in the darkness; the bullet sang harmlessly and thudded into the earth; and both of them were the last things in the world that Cranston had expected. And they were not a moment too soon. Even at that instant, his finger was closing down upon the trigger. Hildreth standing clear and revealed through the sights. The nervous response that few men in the world would be self-disciplined enough to prevent occurred at the same instant that he pressed the trigger. His own fire answered, so near to the other that both of them sounded as one report.

Most hunters can usually tell, even if they cannot see their game fall, whether they have hit or missed. This was one of the few times in his life that Cranston could not have told. He knew that as his finger pressed he had held as accurate a "head" as at any time in his life. He did not know still another circumstance—that in the moonlight he had overestimated the distance to the clearing, and instead of one hundred yards it was scarcely fifty. He had held rather high. And he looked up, unknowing whether he had succeeded or whether he was face to face with the prospect of a duel to the death in the darkness.

And all he saw was Hildreth, rocking back and forth in the moonlight—a strange picture that he was never entirely to forget. It was a motion that no man could pretend. And he knew he had not missed.

He waited till he saw the form of his enemy rock down, face half-buried in the pine needles. It never even occurred to him to approach to see if he had made a clean kill. He had held on the breast and he had a world of confidence in his great, shocking, big-game rifle. Besides, the rifle fire might attract some hunter in the hills; and there would be time in the morning to return to the body and make certain little investigations that he had in mind. And running back down the trail, he missed the sight of Hildreth dragging his wounded body, like an injured hare, into the shelter of the thickets.

Whisperfoot, that great coward, came out of his brush-covert when the moon rose. It was not his usual rising time. Ordinarily he found his best hunting in the eerie light of the twilight hour; but for certain reasons, his knowledge of which would be extremely difficult to explain, he let this time go by in slumber. Whisperfoot had slept almost since dawn. It is a significant quality in the felines that they simply cannot keep in condition without hours and hours of sleep. In this matter of sleeping, they are in a direct contrast to the wolves, who seemingly never sleep at all, unless it is with one eye open, and in still greater contrast to the king of all beasts, the elephant, who is said to slumber less per night than that great electrical wizard whom all men know and praise.

The great cat came out yawning, as graceful a thing as treads upon the earth. He was almost nine feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and he weighed as much as many a full-grown man. He stood and yawned insolently, for all the forest world to see. He rather hoped that the chipmunk, staring with beady eyes from his doorway, did see him. He would just as soon that Wolf's little son, the bear cub, should see him too. But he wasn't so particular about Wolf himself, or the wolf pack whose song had just awakened him. And above all things, he wanted to keep out of the sight of men.

Whisperfoot stalks new game.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Forewarned, Forearmed.

Our idea of a prudent man is one who never sees a vampire without thinking of a buzz saw.—Dallas News

The wings of riches enable some men to fly from their poor relatives.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

By WASHINGTON IRVING

Condensation by Mabel Herbert Umer



Washington Irving was born in New York in 1783 and died at his home, "Sunny-side," on the Hudson in 1859. Intended for the law, in which he had no interest, impoverished by the failure of business ventures, Irving turned to literature as a profession, and made a success which won for him a position at home and abroad as the most important American man of letters of his time. "Salmagundi" and "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York From the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty" gained him a reputation by their satire and comic power. His later years produced his lives of Goldsmith, Mahomet and Washington. The days of painstaking investigation of sources had not yet arrived; it was as a man of letters rather than as a scholar that Irving wrote his historical books; the charm of his personality and the power to visualize people and circumstances helped him greatly. But his really creative and original work, such as the "Sketch-Book" and "Knickerbocker," will always stand the most devoted readers of the earliest American man of letters.

HERE in a sequestered cove of the Hudson lies the drowsy valley of Sleepy Hollow—once a remote, enchanted region, abounding in haunted spots and twilight superstitions.

The dreamy, visionary Dutch folk, descendants of the early settlers, were given to marvelous beliefs.

The most awesome wraith of this bewitched neighborhood was a headless figure on a powerful black charger, which at midnight rode forth from the church graveyard.

At every country fireside were told blood-curdling stories of the weird and ghoulish pranks of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

Perhaps the most superstitious soul throughout the valley, in the days just following the Revolution, was the country schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane. Tall, lank, long-limbed, he was a grotesque figure, yet not lacking in conceit.

As was the custom, he led an itinerant life, boarding with the farmers whose children he taught. Since he brought the local gossip and helped with the chores, his periodical visitations were welcomed by the housewives.

He also enlivened the long wintry evenings with direful stories of witchcraft. In a snug chimney corner before a crackling wood fire, there was fearsome pleasure in these blood-chilling tales.

But for this gruesome enjoyment, how dearly he paid when out alone at night. What menacing shadows beset his path! Every snow-covered bush stood a sheeted specter in his way.

However, it was not only these phantoms of the night that disturbed his peace, for his days were haunted by the most bewitching of all witches—a woman.

In his weekly singing class was Katrina Van Tassel, only child of a substantial farmer. Famed for her beauty and vast expectations, the enraptured Ichabod became her ardent suitor.

Gloatingly he surveyed her father's rich meadow lands, the overflowing barns, and the great sloping-roofed farmhouse filled with treasures of old mahogany, pewter and silver. All these rich possessions made Ichabod covet the peerless Katrina.

The most formidable of his many rivals was the roystering Brown Van Brunt, nicknamed, from his herculean frame, Brom Bones.

He was the hero of all the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. A reckless horseman and foremost in all rural sports, he was always ready for a fight or a frolic.

Yet even the old dames, startled out of their sleep as he clattered by at midnight, looked upon his wild pranks with more good-will than disfavor.

This riantpole hero had chosen to lay siege to the blooming Katrina. And when on a Sunday night his horse was tied to Van Tassel's pailings, all other suitors passed on in despair.

Ichabod, however, in his role of singing master, made frequent visits to the farm. Neither old Van, an easy, indulgent soul, nor his busy housewife, interfered with the pedagogic suit; yet his wooing was beset with difficulties.

Brom Bones had declared a deadly feud, and as Ichabod shrewdly avoided a physical combat, he became the object of whimsical persecutions by Brom and his boon companions.

They smoked out his singing school; broke into and turned topsy-turvy his schoolhouse; and still worse, taught a wondrous dog to whine as a rival instructor in psalmody to the fair Katrina.

One fine autumnal afternoon Ichabod, in a pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from which he ruled

his laggard pupils with a slothful mien. The buzzing stillness of the schoolroom was broken by a galloping messenger, who brought an invitation to a "quitting frolic" that evening at Van Tassel's.

Promptly dismissing school, Ichabod furnished up his only suit of rusty black, and soon rode forth—a gallant cavalier to this bidding of his lady fair.

Gunpowder, the bony old plow horse, borrowed from the farmer with whom Ichabod was domiciled, was a suitable steed for his long, gaunt frame.

Jogging slowly along, it was after sundown when he reached Van Tassel's, where were gathered the farmer folk of the surrounding country.

However, it was not the buxom lasses which held Ichabod enthralled, it was the sumptuous abundance of the supper table. Such luscious ham and chicken, and heaped platters of doughnuts, crullers and ginger cakes! Ichabod's rapacious appetite did ample justice to this repast, while he gloated over the opulence of which some day he might be master.

Soon the sound of fiddling bade, all to dance. With Katrina as his partner, smiling graciously at his amorous oglings, the lank, but agile, Ichabod clattered triumphantly about. While Brom Bones, sourly smitten with jealousy, kept brooding aloof.

Later, Ichabod joined the sager folk, who sat smoking and spinning tales of ghosts and apparitions, and of the headless horseman, that nightly tethered his steed among the churchyard graves.

Most terrifying were the adventures of those who, on dark nights, had met the gruesome specter. Even Brom testified that once, overtaken by the midnight trooper, he had raced with him to the church bridge, where the horseman had vanished in a flash of fire.

When at a late hour the revel broke up, Ichabod lingered for the customary lovers' talk. What passed at that interview with the helress was never known, but when he finally sallied forth it was with a dejected, chop-fallen air.

Had Katrina's encouragement been only a coquettish trick to secure her conquest of his rival?

It was near the witching midnight hour that the crestfallen Ichabod pursued his solitary travel homeward. All the stories of ghosts and goblins told that evening crowded hauntingly upon him.

The night grew deeper and darker as he approached the lonely churchyard—sombre scene of many of the tales. Suddenly through the leaf-stirred stillness came the clatter of hoofs! Something huge and misshapen loomed above the crouching shadows.

In quaking terror Ichabod dashed ahead, but the unknown followed close. Then the moonlight, through a rifted cloud, revealed the headless horseman! More ghastly still, his head rested on the pommel of his saddle!

Away they flew, Ichabod madly spurring Gunpowder, while the sinister horseman came galloping after.

As they reached the haunted road, turning off to Sleepy Hollow, the girth of Ichabod's saddle broke. Gripping his steed around the neck, as the saddle slipped beneath him, he still plunged on, with the ghostly rider pursuing.

The church bridge, where in Brom Bones' tale the specter had vanished, was just ahead. Another moment and old Gunpowder was thundering over the resounding planks.

Here Ichabod, casting a backward glance, saw the goblin rising in his stirrups and in the very act of hurling his head.

The horrible missile crashed against Ichabod's cranium and he plunged headlong into the road—while Gunpowder and the ghostly horseman swept on.

The next morning the old horse was found saddleless, grazing at his master's gate. But no Ichabod!

In the road by the church was found the saddle. Farther on was the trampled hat of the unfortunate pedagogic—and close beside it a shattered pumpkin!

The whole neighborhood was aroused. Brom Bones' story and all the other weird tales were called to mind, and the good folk sagely concluded that Ichabod had been carried off by the headless horseman.

Soon the school was removed to a less haunted sector. Another pedagogic reigned, and Ichabod became only a legend.

It is true that several years later an old farmer, returning from New York, brought news that Ichabod was still alive; that fear of the goblin, and chagrin at his dismissal by the helress, had caused his flight; that in another part of the country he had taught school, studied law, and become justice of the ten-pound court.

But Brom Bones, who shortly after his rival's disappearance had led the blooming Katrina to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related. At the mention of the pumpkin he never failed to laugh heartily, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to disclose.

The old country wives, however, maintained to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by the headless horseman. And many gruesome tales of the pedagogic's fate are still told round the wintry firesides of Sleepy Hollow.

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The Threeness of the One God

By REV. E. J. PAGE

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TEXT.—The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit be with you all.—11 Cor. 13:14.

In the familiar words of the apostolic benediction, so called, without which no assembly of Christians seems fittingly dismissed, reverberates the supreme fact of the Christian revelation, namely that God exists a trinity of persons in a unity of nature. It is one God, and yet there are three persons; not three Gods, nor yet three manifestations of the one God, as in the religion of the Hindus, but three persons, each distinct from the other two, and yet bound to both by mutual bonds of complementary life and love relationships.

We grant there is mystery here—where in this universe will we counter no mystery? When we explain one of the manifold mysteries that are locked up in a single drop of water, or in one beam of light, we will then demand an explanation of this, the profoundest mystery of the tri-unity of the one Godhead.

So, let it be repeated, we have here a fact of revelation, and of the Christian revelation, mind you, a fact which, while not opposed to reason, nevertheless transcends reason. Science unaided never could have discovered it; and yet when once the fact is revealed, to even science comes laden with presumptive evidence from myriad sources; and not only so, but the artist from his palette, and the musician from his keys, all of them come bearing united testimony that underneath all the phenomena of nature, as well as all the harmonies of both light and sound, lies the number three.

Every schoolboy knows how with three primary colors—red, yellow and blue—he can make any other color. Indeed, every imaginable tint or hue in the universe is but the blending of these three undivided colors. And it does not take long for the lassie at the piano stool to learn that all the infinite range of possibilities in the harmony of sound results from the blending of three primary triads of notes. The scientist in his eager search for unifying laws cannot get less than three categories in which to cast all physical phenomena. These three categories are substance, form and force. And how strikingly suggestive these three! For what have we in substance but the Father? What have we in form but the Son, who is the "express image of the Father's substance" (Heb. 1:3); and what have we in force but the Spirit, by whose power all effects in creation and redemption are wrought?

Upon unbeliever's deaf ear all these voices fall in vain. Rejecting the "record which God gave of his Son," unable to see in Jesus Christ more than the son of a peasant of Galilee, the faithless rationalist sees in all these shadowings of the Trine God no meaning whatsoever, with the consequence that he lands just where the unitarian Moslem landed, in the icy polar region of a loveless, fatalistic, uni-personal God, within whose steel grip all is "kismet" (fated); or escaping this lands at the other antipode of uni-personal pantheism, which inevitably ends with the deifying of man; or falling these two, lapses into blank atheism.

But faith's Spirit-illumined eyes see the Deity of Jesus Christ as necessary—as necessary as form is to substance and as substance is to force. With this sixth sense the Christian sees and hears all the universe vibrant with praises of the Trine God.

In our text three differentiating words qualify the three persons of the Trine God, which words, we shall see, are as necessarily inter-related as substance, form and force, to which they are also analogous.

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." Grace is the free bestowment of unmerited favor, and grace is love embodied. Grace is the form of which love is the substance! "God (the Father) so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son." It is very significant that nearly everywhere in the New Testament the "love of God" is bound up with the cross of Calvary. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and gave his Son to be the propitiation for our sins"—1 John 4:10. By this one act of redemptive grace, the sin question was settled so far as the loving God was concerned. "God is reconciled—be ye also reconciled to God" is the word of our message.

But both the substance (love) and the form (grace) in which the substance was embodied are powerless unless there is the "communion of the Holy Spirit," making effective in the believer's heart all those blessed consequences of redemption which were wrought out by the "grace" of the Son, but willed by the "love" of the Father.